

The Critic and Good Literature

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Keats and His Critics.

BEFORE the savage reviews of 'Endymion' appeared, Keats said of Hazlitt, 'He is your only good damner; and if ever I am damned—damn me if I shouldn't like him to damn me.' And Hazlitt damned him—with faint praise. 'A very pretty piece of Paganism,' said high and mighty Wordsworth, likewise damning with faint praise. 'No more Keats, I entreat; flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the driveling idiocy of the mannikin,' said Byron, damning in a fury. 'Back to the shop, Mr. John, back to the plasters, the pills and the ointment boxes. But for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry,' said *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly*, damning with ridicule.

That the critics in the reviews were in a measure responsible for the time and the piteousness of Keats's death was generally believed by his contemporaries. 'Keats burst a blood-vessel in the agony of his sufferings. Envy and malice have driven him out of the world, and I have dipped my pen in consuming fire for his destroyers,' said Shelley, referring to 'Adonais.' 'I would not be the person who wrote that homicidal article for all the glory in the world. I know by experience that a savage review is like hemlock. The one on me knocked me down. But I didn't burst a blood-vessel. I got up again, drank three bottles of claret, and, seeing I had no lawful grounds for breaking Jeffrey's head, began an answer,' said Byron. This was an extreme view of the case, and Shelley and Byron were soon made aware of its exaggeration; but in the mean time his lordship had written the well-known stanza in 'Don Juan,' and seems to have been too much delighted with his wit and felicitous rhyming to reconstruct it on a biographic basis. When Lord Houghton published his *Life of Keats* in 1848, he advanced a totally different opinion, maintaining that a single letter from Keats to his publisher was quite sufficient to place the question in its true light and to silence forever the exclamations either of honest wrath or contemptuous compassion. And now Mr. Speed, a grand-nephew of the poet, in his 'Letters and Poems of John Keats,' expresses his surprise that 'the majority of intelligent men in America' should remain in ignorance of the real facts, and assures us that, as these letters now for the first time given to the world will show, Keats's contemporaries were in error, and that his death was neither caused nor hastened by the attack of Gifford in *The Quarterly*. This view is repeated with the summation of brevity by Mr. Stedman, in his essay in the *February Century*, who writes—'an early death from inherited phthisis aggravated by bleeding at the hands of an old-time surgeon,' not taking into account moral aggravations.

Certainly, any new light that can be shed upon so mournful a thing as the death of Keats, 'the majority of intelligent men in America'—and no doubt elsewhere—will be glad to receive;

but unhappily that light does not seem to emanate from the newly published correspondence. For, in the first place, the letter from the poet to his publisher, upon which both Lord Houghton and Mr. Speed rely for their conclusion, is from the very nature of the case singularly inconclusive and irrelevant: inconclusive, because Keats was a man of reticence toward his most intimate friends on subjects that engaged his deepest feelings, of habitual self-repression toward the world generally, and unlikely, as every author would be, to express to his publisher any intense mortification and acute suffering; irrelevant, because, even had he expressed his state of feeling in the most unreserved manner, he was then so far from realizing what effect the attacks would have upon his reputation that he actually believed they would tend to his advantage. Consequently, what he then wrote can in nowise indicate what he afterward felt; for surely one should not argue that a wound could not possibly prove fatal, on the ground that the soldier had said, soon after being shot, that he did not feel seriously hurt!

What, then, shall be said of the poet's letters to his brother George? This, that they, too, are inconclusive and irrelevant. For how can they produce upon our minds a conviction which they failed to produce upon the mind of George Keats himself? It is extremely pertinent to remember that George Keats expressed himself most forcibly and clearly on this subject, saying that he could have walked a hundred miles to dirk the editor of *Blackwood's*, a *l'Americaine*, for associating John in the cockney school, and other blackguardisms, since this would wound him more deeply than the severest criticism; that he reproached himself for having left one so sensitive and hypochondriacal to the bare world, since he might have lived longer had he been with him; that the articles, associated with the family disease, consumption, were ministers of death sufficiently venomous to have consigned his brother to a premature grave; and that he did not see how a life of the poet could be written without noticing the effect of severe reviews, and abominable personal reflections, upon his mind and body.

Nor does the internal evidence of these letters justify a view of the subject that seems to be born of healthier tones of mind and of the modern relations of critics and authors. Keats, as we learn, was extremely sensitive to articles abusive rather than critical. When one appeared directed against Leigh Hunt and containing but brief reference to himself, he said that if the critic should go to such lengths with him as he had gone with Hunt, he must infallibly call him to account. When the articles on 'Endymion' appeared, he seized firmly on the respects wherein he believed they might undesignedly promote his immediate aims. But as time passed, he gradually realized the enormity of the wrong and injury done him, and took a different view of the matter. His poem had not at all succeeded. Pride and contempt of public opinion disposed him to remain silent, while regard for his brother and sister urged him to pluck up spirit and try again. At different times he thought of going to Edinburgh and studying for a physician—not for the love of it, but because it was not worse than writing poems to be hung up and 'fly-blown on the *Review* shambles.' The mire of a bad reputation was continually rising against him. His name was vulgar with the literary fashionables. To them he was a weaver-boy. He had hoped that people would see the trickery and iniquity of the review plagues, and scout them; but instead he found them like the spectators in the Westminster cockpit—intent on the fight and caring not who won. At one time he thought of going to Murray with a poem, but changed his mind, believing that his reputation was so low that Murray would not have negotiated his bill of intellect, or given him more than a small sum. This, and more, we learn from these letters—arguing how significant for him in their results were the articles in question.

Nor can the relevancy of this correspondence be urged, for it

terminated before the attack of illness wherein Keats read his death-warrant, and gives no information as to his states of feeling subsequent to that event. This whole problem resolves itself into two problems involving physical and mental conditions essentially dissimilar. The first deals with the effects produced upon the mind and indirectly upon the body of Keats by the reviews, leading him into such habits of life as to bring on the attack of illness sooner than in the course of nature it might have occurred. The second deals with the effects produced upon his mind and indirectly upon his body, so as to hasten and embitter his death after it was seen to be inevitable. These letters may throw some light upon the first, but can throw none whatever upon the last. Up to the time of his illness Keats no doubt felt that he should live down and write down the effects of the criticism; after it, he knew that he could do neither the one nor the other. These letters show that during the first period, the criticisms to him at least were no myth; what they were during the second, every one must, in the light of science and a knowledge of the poet's sensibility, determine for himself.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Reviews

"The Voyage of the Jeannette." *

THE RETURN of the bodies of De Long and his shipmates marks the final stage of the Arctic expedition which, nearly five years ago, left San Francisco with such high hopes, and which was doomed to such complete failure. From the journals of Captain De Long, published by his widow, it is evident that the expedition was as completely fitted out as money and human knowledge could make it; and from the finding of the Court of Inquiry which considered these journals as well as the evidence of every survivor of the expedition, it is certain that it was conducted with skill and prudence. And yet it was perhaps the least successful of all the Arctic expeditions, for it accomplished absolutely nothing—except to prove the impotence of man in comparison with the mighty forces which control the Frozen Ocean. This well-equipped and well-led expedition was caught in the ice-pack in just one week from the time of passing through Behring's Straits; and in that pack it passed the rest of its existence—twenty-one months—drifting along with the ice, aimlessly, helplessly, despairingly. At last the vessel sank, under circumstances in which, in the opinion of the Court of Inquiry, 'any vessel in like position, no matter what her model might have been, or however strongly constructed, . . . would have been annihilated.' With the vessel perished not only all hope of reaching the North Pole but all possibility of accomplishing any useful purpose. The terrible retreat, lasting one hundred and forty days, in open boats and sledges, during which twenty out of the thirty-three persons who formed the expedition perished, is a familiar story.

The two volumes in which De Long has recorded the events, the hopes, and the fears, of the two years and more of his expedition, are of necessity monotonous; but they are by no means uninteresting. They present so vivid a picture of his situation from day to day and his uncertainties as to the future, that in reading them we share that keen excitement, which in the midst of his never varying and uneventful life still kept him sleepless at night. For it was a ceaseless struggle, carried on with a calm faith and great determination, against the more powerful forces of nature; and as we watch the progress of this contest and see the human element gradually being worsted, our sympathy is most strongly excited in favor of the weaker side. In examples of heroism this expedition has never been excelled, nor could any thing be more tragic and pathetic than the manner of De Long's death. Beyond these examples the Jeannette Expedition was wholly barren of results. What

effect its lesson will have on future Arctic explorations can not be stated. On no other problem have so many lives and so much treasure been vainly expended, and if the relief expedition which is now being fitted out regardless of expense should succeed in bringing Lieutenant Greely safely home, it will probably be several years before the Government can be induced to aid or countenance any further ventures of this description. But it is not at all probable that the thirst for exploration will be permanently satiated. To the will of man there is a fascination about attempting to subdue the forces of nature which no amount of failure can overcome. De Long became possessed of this fascination when the accident of service in the Juniata carried him to the Arctic regions in 1873, and gave him his first experience of an ice voyage, in search of the *Polaris*. From that time to the day of his death the fascination never left him. When his ship went down he writes in his journal that, save for his duty to those dependent on his support at home and to those who had accompanied him on this expedition, he regretted that he had not gone down with it. Throughout his whole voyage he was animated and sustained by as high a sense of devotion to his cause of overcoming ice forces, as if he had been engaged in battle in the holiest of wars. It is idle to argue with a fascination which can induce such self-sacrifice. Against it philosophy and reason are as powerless as were the sides of the *Jeannette* against the ice.

General Beauregard.*

FEW names were more frequently spoken in the early days of 1861 than that of Beauregard, and few suffered so great an eclipse as the years of war rolled on. It is not to be expected that General Beauregard himself would accept this result as a final judgment, and he now comes forward, by his next friend and aide-de-camp, Colonel Alfred Roman, to relate, in two stout volumes, the story of his achievements—and his misfortunes. His service was varied in its character, and continuous in duration from the firing of the first gun in 1861 to Johnston's surrender in 1865. After the capture of Sumpter he came to Virginia to fight the battle of Bull Run. Thence he went to the West to take his part at the great battle of Shiloh. Then he returned to Charleston and defended that place successfully against the utmost efforts of the Northern fleet and army for a year and a half. In the summer of 1864 he was summoned to aid in the defence of Petersburg and Richmond, and a few months later was again placed in command in the West. In the final winter he commanded one of those fragments of former armies which were collected under Johnston to oppose Sherman's conquering march. In common with these fragments he passed off the stage of public events in April 1865. Johnston and Beauregard commanded the Confederate forces at Bull Run, and Johnston and Beauregard, after many vicissitudes, some successes, and numerous failures, stood together in North Carolina in 1865 in the same anomalous positions—as commanding generals and 'second in command,'—and there surrendered the wrecks of their former commands.

It is the purpose of these volumes to prove that Beauregard was a soldier of the first order, that he was the 'immortal hero of Manassas,' that it was he and not A. S. Johnston who marshalled the confederate troops at Shiloh, that the defence of Charleston 'stands unsurpassed in ancient or modern times,' and that Jefferson Davis 'lost the South her independence' by rejecting the plans which Beauregard offered for invading the North and annihilating her armies. It is almost unnecessary to say that these claims appear to be as extravagant and untenable after reading the book as before doing so. That Beauregard incurred Davis's enmity early in the War and retained it to the close is evident, and the reason is not far to seek. For not

* *The Voyage of the Jeannette*. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

* *The Military Operations of General Beauregard*. By Alfred Roman. New York: Harper & Bros.

only was there 'a conflict of veracity' between them just after the battle of Bull Run, but Beauregard was so impressed with his own importance at that period, that on receiving a mild reproof from the Secretary of War, he made a reply to the Confederate President, saying that he could 'have no controversy whatever with the Secretary,' and begging Mr. Davis to shield him 'from these ill-timed, unaccountable annoyances.' Well might the Administration think that there must be discipline among the generals as well as the soldiers of its armies. As for the 'brilliant programmes,' which, with each succeeding year, Beauregard proposed for invading Maryland and Ohio, destroying the Federal armies, capturing Washington and Cincinnati and St. Louis, they do not appear on calm consideration to have had any merit, or to have been in any way feasible. It would have been fortunate indeed for the North if Davis and his advisers had listened to them, instead of confiding in that marvellous good judgment and caution, combined with vigorous action at decisive moments, which enabled Lee to hold the North at bay for four long years. Not only did Beauregard have plans for general invasions at all times, but he was ever ready with advice as to the movements of armies other than his own; he carried on correspondence with the governors of States in regard to confederate policy; he constantly appealed for reinforcements when there were none to send him, and protested most vigorously against any of his own troops being taken to reinforce points more seriously threatened than his own. He was, in short, thoroughly out of place in a subordinate position, and yet he never attained the command-in-chief for which he evidently thought himself well fitted. His partisans now would have us believe that the failure of the Confederate Cabinet to accept Beauregard at his own estimate was the reason why the North overcame the South. This view has the merit of novelty at least.

But if Col. Roman does not succeed in impressing upon the reader his own opinion of his hero, he does unquestionably raise him to a higher place than he occupied before; and as the book is filled with original documents given at length, it is a most valuable contribution to history. Col. Roman not only shows that Beauregard is entitled to all the credit for Bull Run, but he proves incontestably that Gen. A. S. Johnston was so depressed in spirit by the loss of public confidence in him, that prior to the battle of Shiloh he commanded the army but little more than in name, and all its movements were virtually directed by Beauregard. And without making good his extravagant pretensions in regard to the defence of Charleston, he does, nevertheless, show it to have been a defence characterized by the highest skill and energy, and one which will deservedly give Beauregard a lasting fame.

"Historical Hand-Book of Italian Sculpture." *

AMERICAN SCIENCE is so young, and the ocean puts us at such a distance from the centuries of art in the Old World, that one may well dwell with pride on the reflection that Mr. Perkins is an American. But quite apart from the position he holds in his own country, his authority in the history of Italian sculpture is established everywhere, and the travelling student, in handling the useful index in this book to the sculptures arranged by towns, may rest assured that he is surveying the wealth of Italian plastic art under the guidance of a master. Mr. Perkins's terse comparison of the sculpture of the Quattrocento and the Cinquecento is as instructive as it is true. He holds that in the one the antique was taken as a guide, in the Decadence as a master; that in the later age, though freedom of touch and mastery of method had been learned from the Greeks, 'there was a marked loss of that freshness, naiveté and individuality which make the works of the earlier time as

superior to those of the later as fruits warmed into life by the potent rays of an Italian sun are superior to those which have been forced by artificial heat.' He defines Donatello's great merit as 'the apprehension of character.' In condemning Cellini's larger sculptures, he delivers the felicitous criticism, that 'they fail altogether in that deductive harmony which makes the best Greek work as thoroughly satisfactory to the mind as it is beautiful to the eye. In it each part is the corollary and indispensable complement of every other, and the whole, like a natural creation, is one and indivisible.' Mr. Perkins has stamped in one word the character of Greek sculpture (or Greek art of design in general, if we may judge of their painting by the drawings on the pottery); it is, he says, thoroughly satisfactory, whereas modern art is interesting. Greek sculpture is perfect, modern painting is rich and strong. Both strive after the beautiful, but each in its own spirit; and the lesson of the survey of Italian sculpture set before us in Mr. Perkins's book is, that modern sculpture should not deny itself. Neither Donatello nor Michelangelo were Greek in spirit. Both were genuine, and in sculpture displayed, the one the keen scrutiny of nature, the other the vigor, that have given Italian painting of the XVIth century, the Netherlands of the XVIIth, and that of the XIXth Century their greatness.

Italian sculpture of the XVIth Century, when we get outside of the pale of a few great names, leaves the impression of vulgarity, like that of the minor decoration of the present day, as a glance into the Italian shop-windows in Broadway above Madison Square will, if followed by a glance at the Japanese shops in the neighborhood of Union Square, vividly bring out. Every virtue stands on the brink of some precipice, and if the Greek was in danger of slipping into sweet insipidity, efforts at vigor on the part of an artist without genius or taste will tumble him into bombast. This, as embodied in the baroque, Mr. Perkins has well described. 'Alessandro Vittoria dragged art down in the mad extravagances of the "baroque," a style, if style it can be called, which declared war against the straight line, erased logic in construction from its grammar of art, and overloaded buildings with meretricious ornament. Following the lead of the architects, sculptors twisted the limbs of their statuettes into the most impossible positions, hollowed out the folds of their draperies like chance furrows in broken rocks, and aiming altogether at novelty for novelty's sake, indulged in caprices of the chisel, false to nature and to taste.'

Mr. Perkins is sparing of characterization; for example, the section on Giacomo della Quercia contains but few hints of this style; but at the greatest names, such as Ghiberti, Donatello, Michelangelo, he displays his power, and the reader is referred to those sections for examples of acute, terse characterization, conveyed in language of dignity, ease and force.

"A Daughter of the Gods." *

THE ROMANCE of 'A Daughter of the Gods' was the author's reply to a laughing challenge from Bulwer, many years ago, to write a Rosicrucian romance in which a woman should be the 'seeker of the great secret.' To a writer whose own favorite problems in life are evidently those of heredity, circumstance, and destiny, the subject appealed at once, as affording unlimited opportunities for questioning the secret of power, the power of the will. The result is a book which most readers will pronounce 'queer,' and of which those who like it best will hardly know how to say more than that it is 'strong.' Both imaginative and thoughtful, its thought is much more valuable than its imagination. Whether it is ever worth while to employ the supernatural and the impossible as elements of a novel, is a

* Historical Hand-Book of Italian Sculpture. By Charles C. Perkins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* A Daughter of the Gods. By Charles M. Clay. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

question; certainly there is less and less taste for such elements every year. Even children now prefer the Peterkin family and 'Little Women' to the most attractive fairies, and to the mature mind, life itself, in its opportunities, its limitations, its possibilities, offers field enough for imaginative insight without calling into play the imagination pure and simple. Such a study as Hawthorne's of Septimius Felton in search of the elixir of life is hardly valuable, fine as the workmanship may be, except in its invaluable suggestions that such an elixir would be no blessing. Septimius finds, not the elixir, but that he is better off without the elixir; that life would not be worth living if to preserve it he must never let his heart's blood quicken with generous emotion or with startled admiration,—never let himself feel the delight of impulse, never tax his nervous tissue with too much feeling of any kind. We forgive the elixir for the sake of the lesson.

But in 'The Daughter of the Gods' there is an actual elixir; the heroine finds, or not to put too fine a point upon it, steals, an actual casket with an actual treasure in it capable of giving power to its possessor; and she also bathes in an actual spring which actually gives her superlative beauty. We are free to confess that to our own mind no amount of speculation or romance based upon such incidents is worth while, and the story is certainly not a pleasant one. It is impossible to like the heroine, and there is a flaw in the Hawthornesque touch that makes the power which gives her beauty unable to accomplish its real end: to win for her love. That the hero might be strong enough to prefer excellence to beauty we can all understand; but as she was the same woman whom he had learned to love for the 'womanliness of her sorrow, the grace of her dependent need, the sanctity of her isolated and unprotected position,' before he saw the beautiful face, it is quite incredible that he should have turned from her merely because she proved to be beautiful as well as gracefully dependent. In spite of everything, however, we find the book interesting, because of its conciseness, its descriptions, its strong and rapid style, and because of some admirable paragraphs,—subtle in thought, vivid with suggestion, masculine in diction.

The book was first published many years ago, and the 'Baby Rue' and 'Modern Hagar' by the same author, which have appeared since, were written in answer to the cry of critics that no possible heredity or training could have produced the 'Daughter of the Gods.' In spite, however, of the link between these novels in the author's mind, they will remain quite distinct in the mind of the reader, not as illustrating the logical sequence of the author's reasoning, but as examples of the versatility of undeniable talent and power.

"My Bible."*

'MY BIBLE' is a tiny book for the pocket, belonging to a series called 'Heart Chords' prepared by different English divines. Naturally, it is one of the books that will convince only those who believed it all before, but it is one to interest those who do not accept its conclusions more than those who do; not because of the cleverness of the author's argument in his own behalf, but because of the great cleverness with which he foresees the arguments of his opponents. You read a paragraph to which an eager reply is springing to your lips, when behold! you turn the page to find your objection stated more clearly than you could have stated it yourself, before the author proceeds to demolish it; as the Catholic Lacordaire gave a masterly *résumé* of the reasoning he was about to refute, or as Homer took pains to make Hector noble, powerful, and good, that it might be more to Achilles' credit to overcome him. The only flaw we can detect in the clear and simple logic, and the admirable willingness to see the point of argument on the other side, is this: the author's position is not that of

one who acknowledges that the Bible and science are at odds, but insists that the Bible version is the correct one, nor yet that of one who tries to reconcile the two; he admits scientific errors, but holds that they are of no importance in a work not intended to be scientific but spiritual; and when met with the objection that if the Bible is inspired, as he of course believes, inspiration from on high would not be likely to make mistakes on any subject, he falls back upon the theory that all progress is gradual, and the Lord has chosen to give inspiration on one point at a time. This is not a bad argument, though not so prettily stated as by Dr. Macdonald's shoemaker, who accounted for the imperfection of this world on the plea that God had been willing to leave something for us to seem to do, as a mother gratifies her child by letting it help her, with what is really perhaps a hinderance to her own plan or time. Here, we believe, we have a flaw, which we feel as pleased in finding in the Canon's admirable work as Jack Horner did with his plum: the Lord might give inspiration gradually, but would He deliberately give it falsely? He might let us remain satisfied awhile with incomplete knowledge, but would He add in the mean time to our ignorance? He might be generously willing to let us help *Him*, but when He intended to help *us*, would He call in the aid of what Mr. Pecksniff called 'poor human nature' any more than the mother who lets her child 'help' set her own table would take the child with her to 'help' if a neighbor had sent in for assistance? Would not the 'inspiration on one subject at a time' be given by itself? for if 'poor human nature' were allowed to 'help' with it, who is to decide where the human nature ends and the inspiration begins?

Minor Notices.

THE essays and reviews that make up Prof. John Fiske's 'Excursions of an Evolutionist' appear to have been written at various dates from 1876 to 1883, but they make a fairly homogeneous book. The first five essays, in fact, as here printed, form a sort of narrative of the course of human events in pre-historic times. Beginning with a lucid description of the geological changes which occurred in Europe before the great glacial period, and the appearance of the men of the river-drift, we have next an account of the two primitive peoples of Europe during and after the glacial period,—the cave-men, whom Mr. Fiske identifies with the Eskimos, and the Iberians, including, as he thinks, the Etruscans, and whom he makes out to be non-Aryan. Next comes a chapter on 'Our Aryan Forefathers,' and one on 'What We Learn from Old Aryan Words'; and—to end this portion of the book—a speculation as to whether there could have been a primeval mother-tongue. In this the differences between barbaric and civilized languages are clearly shown. The other half of the volume is made up of essays not so closely connected one with another. Several of them are purely speculative, and belong to that class of theoretical writings which has grown up about the hypothesis of evolution. The most remarkable is the chapter on 'A Universe of Mind-Stuff,'—a review of the work of the late W. K. Clifford, the brightest and most entertaining of Nineteenth Century scientists. But it is principally remarkable for the air of serious belief in them with which Mr. Fiske brings forward Clifford's theories, and for the comparative dulness of his presentation of them. In the other essays, his strong tendency to form a positive belief on all doubtful points—opposed as he is to positivism—leads to much vigorous thinking and good writing; but he appears not to have seen that Clifford's was a different order of mind from his own—one that took a keen delight in mental jugglery—in playing with hypotheses for the fun of the thing. There is much that is both good and original in the essays on 'Heroes of Industry,' 'Protestantism,' 'The Meaning of Infancy,' etc., but the most valuable portion of the book is that which is least original, namely, the first five chapters, previously noted. The reason is that Mr. Fiske's original work is chiefly in the domain of theory, not in that of observation. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. N. PONCE DE LEON continues the publication of his very valuable 'Diccionario Tecnológico Inglés-Español y Español Inglés with entregas 3 and 4. The book will be indispensable to Spanish-American manufacturers, importers, engineers, and technists, more especially in view of the approaching railroad

* My Bible. By Canon Boyd Carpenter. New York: Cassell & Co.

union with Mexico. We are glad to see that it has been so warmly welcomed by the American and West Indian press.

MR. R. H. LAWRENCE, in his privately printed 'Medals by Giovanni Carino, the Paduan' (New York), does good service in rescuing from oblivion the remarkable medal work of a contemporary of Benvenuto Cellini. The pamphlet shows one of the innumerable ways in which antiquity and the Italian renaissance are now undergoing research, clearing up, and restoration.

'CUENTOS DE HOY Y MAÑANA' (that comprehensive Spanish word!) is an attempt made by Señor R. de C. Palomino (New York) to teach social and political truths by means of the fiction form so well known to readers of Miss Martineau, Laboulaye, Jacolliot and (on the pseudo-scientific-geographical side) of Jules Verne. We cannot say that Señor Palomino is entirely successful in his efforts. It is rather difficult, for the Anglo-Saxon mind at least, to take an interest in his talking abstractions, 'Mr. Labor,' 'Mr. Protection,' 'Mr. d'Anarchie,' and 'Mr. Wisdom',—the allegory is too transparent. The talk is not without ingenuity, however.

THE STORY which has won the \$500 prize offered by Swinton, Barnes & Swinton appears in the issue of *Swinton's Story-Teller* for February 20th. It is called 'Le Tombeau Blanc,' and was written by John Dimitry, of *The Mail and Express*. We are not surprised that it won the prize; we are only surprised that we have not had stories from this pen before; for 'Le Tombeau Blanc' shows a literary art which makes it certain that at least we shall now have other stories from the same pen. It is to be characterized above all as powerful, although it is also picturesque, vivid and sympathetic to a high degree; and by powerful we mean even more than that adjective usually implies. For the power is shown, not by inventing strong situations, but by lifting a single sorrow into such relief that for the reader the whole world is momentarily darkened as in a case of personal suffering; and by treating a subject in itself repulsive, so that we shudder, not at the loathsomeness, but at the woe. It is a story of Louisiana lepers, and of the inroad of that misery in one of the Southern aristocratic families. The author has not lightened the horror; indeed, it seems as if it could not have been intensified by the pen; but the skill lies largely in the fact that the reader puts the story down not shrinking from the tale in disgust, but with a heart lifted and ennobled by the power of sympathy. The tale, brief as it is, thus deserves the highest compliment that could be paid to it: that of being at the same time a model of literary art, and at once a tribute and an encouragement to human nature.

"Cash Down," or a Percentage?

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

The points made by Mr. Maurice Thompson in your last number, in behalf of 'cash down' by publishers for manuscripts, have some weight, but it should be remembered that 'cash down' must always be a *discount price*—that is to say, the publisher in such cases would inevitably allow in his offer a margin in his own favor for the extra risk and the larger investment. This is a law of trade that could not fail to operate between publishers and authors, as it operates in all other similar business transactions. It is entirely certain, therefore, that covering a field wide enough to balance perturbations, 'cash down' could not and would not fail to result in larger profits for publishers and smaller profits for authors. 'Cash down' undoubtedly is often a great convenience to writers, if not a necessity; but it must always mean a surrender on the part of authors of some part of the profits that would otherwise come to them.

If payment upon acceptance became the general rule there would be fewer books, which possibly would be an advantage, but young authors would find a new obstacle between them and the public. It must be obvious to every one that if the risk of publishing were enhanced by a down price for the manuscript, publishers would necessarily be more cautious than ever. Such a system, in fact, would act almost as an embargo in the case of a multitude of young aspirants, a condition of things not desirable in the estimation of any one who looks for a new and broader literature. Ease of access to the public multiplies books and leads to the publication of many inferior works; but it is always in times and out of abundance that great achievements come.

It would be impossible to make any binding rule as to method

of payment to authors. 'Cash down' could not be established except in cases of books tolerably certain to be remunerative, and authors of books of this kind can usually as it is arranged for a fixed price if they prefer it; with all other publications the thing is practically impossible.

It would take considerable capital to carry out Mr. Thompson's notion in all cases. It is stated that the author of a series of school readers published in the city has received royalties amounting to over two hundred thousand dollars! What publisher could pay a just price cash down for works of this character; or would for any important book the sales of which extending over a long period are likely to eventually reach high figures?

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1884.

O. B. BUNCE.

Modern Languages in School and College.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

If any great degree of faith may be placed in the signs of the times, then the modern languages are shortly to occupy, in the course of study of the higher schools and colleges, a more important position than that hitherto allotted them. This increase in relative importance will be brought about primarily by an addition to the time devoted to their consideration, but there are other elements well worthy of attention. The whole manner of regarding instruction in foreign languages has changed in our best centres of learning, and tradition, even of the most conservative stamp, cannot long keep it out of the rest. Modern languages are no more taught from the outside, merely, like a lesson learned by rote; nor is the simple acquirement of a vocabulary, that represents in French or German certain other words in English, the only end in view. All living languages are instinct with life, both on the surface and under it, and historical etymology is a factor that will enter more and more into modern methods. Instruction may be in this way as thorough, as scientific, and as far-reaching, as is possible in any branch of study. For purposes of mere drill, too, if that is all that is desired, there is no need to dwell upon the superior qualities of Latin and Greek. German, for instance, has preserved to a remarkable degree its inflections, and its grammatical constructions are logical and consistent. A thorough mastery of German grammar would entail drill enough of the most satisfactory sort, and, above all, there would be left at the end a practical residuum that would be, by no means, the least important result of the process.

The change in the manner of instruction has already begun to necessitate a change in the instructor. The time when the foreign instructor, who was considered the legitimate target for chalk and for ingenuous questions carefully thought out, delivered his dicta in wonderful English is already far in the past. Not because he is a foreigner is there necessity for a crusade against the foreign instructor or for urging that 'he must go.' Other things being equal it is, in some respects, to his advantage to have for his mother tongue the language which he instructs; although a teacher instructing in his own language is very apt to take things for granted, notwithstanding that constructions and idioms to him a matter of course are often to the unskilled cracker the nuts with the hardest shells. In pronunciation the foreign instructor is invaluable. His speech is, of course, far more accurate in sound than that of one who has learned a language, however perfectly, later in life. It is the linguistic adventurer who must go; he, who with no qualifications for teaching it beyond the mere fact of speaking it, turns to language for a comparatively easy means of maintenance. If he has prepared himself for the work, as an American must prepare himself in order to obtain recognition, then he is a valuable accession to the corps of instruction of any college. Unless he is so prepared there is really no reason why a foreigner should be given a position to teach a language, his own or any other; indeed, there is every reason why he should not be intrusted with any such charge. This is a place where a protective tariff would have the most beneficial effect imaginable—the tariff being merely the requirement of honest qualifications. As it now (too frequently) is, the competition is unequal; the American teacher is handicapped from the outset and there is no inducement to enter such an ill-balanced race. It is from an American, who, after completing his academic career here, goes abroad with the avowed purpose of studying on the ground the language he is afterward to teach that we would await the best results. Having learned by experience the precise nature of the difficulties that a learner must encounter he is best in condition to meet them. It is not necessary in this case to scatter the seed equally over the ground; it is here a little and there a good deal, and time is

saved and better results are obtained by knowing just where and in what measure to bestow it. The proper arrangement, especially in the colleges, would be to have both native and foreign instructors side by side, when the work could be prosecuted with the best possible results. The foreign teacher alone, unless he be a man of unusual perception, is like an astronomical observer who applies his eye to the wrong end of the telescope. The eye and the telescope and the stars are there, but for practical results the combination is not favorable.

Under the existing order of things there is too little incentive to an American for spending so much time and money as even a moderate residence abroad would necessitate, upon an uncertainty. Foreign teachers are, in most cases, easily obtainable at extremely moderate rates; indeed, cheapness is not often their principal recommendation. In our higher schools and in the colleges the defect, if it still exists, ought to be remedied. In very many institutions of learning, instruction in the modern languages is the weak spot of the curriculum. Its mere practical side, to say nothing of the rest, demands that it should be one of the strongest, and one very obvious way to bring about such a result is to increase the quality as well as the quantity of the instruction.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1884.

WM. H. CARPENTER.

The First Edition of Mrs. Browning.

IN Allibone and the booksellers' catalogues the first collected edition of Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett's poems is dated London, 1845. It was called 'Poems: By Elizabeth Barrett Barrett.' The 'prior publication was called 'The Seraphim, and other Poems,' and was put forth in 1838. It is not true that the first collected edition was published in London in 1844. It was in New York. Curiously enough, the edition is dated 1845; but Miss Barrett's preface is dated 'London, 50 Wimpole Street, 1844,' and every one knows the American custom of dating books and periodicals ahead. This American edition seems to have been overlooked by the bibliographers and commentators. In the preface Miss Barrett says: 'My love and admiration have belonged to the great American people, as long as I have felt proud of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as I have loved poetry itself. But it is only of late that I have been admitted to the privilege of personal gratitude to Americans, and only to-day that I am encouraged to offer to their hands an American edition of a new collection of my poems, about to be published in my own country. This edition precedes the English one by a step,—a step eagerly taken, and with a spring in it of pleasure and pride—suspended, however, for a moment, that, by a cordial figure, I may kiss the soil of America, and address my thanks to those sons of the soil, who, if strangers and foreigners, are yet kinsmen and friends, and who, if never seen, nor perhaps to be seen by eyes of mine, have already caused them to glisten by words of kindness and courtesy.'

The rest of the preface, which covers six pages, is well worth quoting further from. The greater part is devoted to an explanation of the motive of 'A Drama of Exile.' The subject, she says, rather fastened on her than was chosen; and the form, approaching the model of the Greek tragedy, shaped itself under her hand rather by force of pleasure than of design. Eve's grief seemed to her to have been imperfectly apprehended, and to be more expressible by a woman than a man. With feminine modesty, Mrs. Browning, or rather Miss Barrett, says she had intended to shut close the doors of Eden between Milton and herself, so that no one might dare say she walked in his footsteps; but it would not do. And she shrank from her task. She went back to it, however,—called, as she hints, 'by a sudden revival of that love of manuscript which should be classed by moral philosophers among the natural affections; or by the encouraging voice of a dear friend;' and she concludes with an appeal to the analogy, but not to the comparison, of having attempted in respect to Milton what the Greek dramatist achieved lawfully in respect to Homer. Incidentally it may be noted that Miss Barrett says, just forty years ago, that 'the tendency of the present day is to sunder the daily life from the spiritual creed; to separate the worshipping from the practical man; and by no means to "live by faith."

In the 'Vision of Poets' Mrs. Browning endeavored to vindicate the necessary relations of genius and self-sacrifice. To the eyes of her generation, she says, the poet was at once a richer and a poorer man than he used to be: he wore better broadcloth, but spoke no more oracles: and the evil of such a social incrustation over a great idea was eating more deeply and fatally into our literature than either readers or writers apprehend. The 'Vision of Poets' therefore contains her 'view of the mis-

sion of the veritable poet, of the self-abnegation implied in it, of the woes of sorrow suffered in it, of the great work accomplished in it through suffering, and of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "la patience angélique du génie."

The full title of this edition is: 'A Drama of Exile: and other Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, author of "The Seraphim, and other Poems." (2 vols.) New York: Henry G. Langley. No. 8 Astor-House. M,DCCC,XLV.' The books contain over 500 pages and are bound in old-fashioned yellow parchment-paper boards.

The Lounger

IN JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S 'Agnosticism in American Fiction' (*Princeton Review* for January) are some curious touches of dogmatism. There may be no reason why Hawthorne, the younger, should not pay homage to the unique genius of Hawthorne the elder, but in his so doing we might naturally look for delicate understatement and reserve. In this expectation we are disappointed, when, after some reference to the work of Thackeray, George Eliot and others, he reaches this conclusion: 'Hawthorne belonged neither to this nor to any other generation of writers, further than that his productions may be used to test the inner veracity of all the rest.'

IN THE SAME article occurs the following: 'There are two kinds of reserve—the reserve which feels that its message is too mighty for it, and the reserve which feels that it is too mighty for its message.' To which is deftly added this: 'Our new school of writers is reserved, but its reserve does not strike us as being of the former kind.' It is not unpleasant to learn that 'Mr. James and Mr. Howells have done more than all the rest of us to make our literature respectable during the last ten years,' yet the implication bears hard upon our literature, which perhaps has not yet attained to full respectability. Mr. Hawthorne is cavalierly humorous in the suggestion made with regard to the 'ladies who have honored our literature by their contributions;' for he recommends the course pursued by Napoleon with the letters which reached him in Italy. 'He left them unread until a certain time had elapsed, and then found that most of them needed no attention.'

A LOG CABIN, plastered with earth containing gold and silver ore to the amount of two thousand dollars to the ton, might seem a tale of Arabian Nights' credit. It comes, however, from Eldorado—more definitely, from the South Park, Colorado, and was told me recently by a miner from that region. Two brothers built on their claim a rude hut, and plastered it with the sand which they had thrown out in digging for ore. Some of this sand being assayed afterward, and its great value ascertained, the log house was, of course, denuded, and the costly cement between its timbers turned to better account. I have an impression that if this story were a fable (as, instead, it is true) it would have a moral, and the moral would teach that we mortals are always toiling strenuously and going far out of our way to obtain good, which, if we but thought to apply the assay test, might be found close at hand, and easily secured.

A MAN told me the other day that he was filled with amazement at the way the publishers of 'The Breadwinners' got that story talked about. He spoke as though the vogue of the book had been brought about by subtle advertising. What a foolish idea. As though the cleverest publishing could interest the whole country in a story. When a publisher has a good story he can facilitate its sale by judicious advertising, but he cannot make an entire community read and talk about a book they do not care for. If the success of 'The Breadwinners' has been made by the publishing, why is not everybody reading 'An Average Man'? I contend that the reason editors are willing to give up their papers to discussions of 'The Breadwinners' is that they believe it to be a subject in which all their readers are interested.

IT SEEMS that English authors are getting stirred up on the copyright question. They have just held a meeting in London at which Cardinal Manning, Walter Besant and Herman Merivale spoke eloquently upon 'the injustice done by American publishers in pirating English works.' I suppose there is no injustice in English publishers pirating American works. At least nothing was said at this meeting about the practices of transatlantic publishers who help themselves to the choice morsels of American literature without so much as saying, 'By your leave.'

THE NEW Boston paper, *The Beacon*, prints mottoes at the heads of its departments. For example: *The Story*.—'Now forward with thy tale.' *The Sermon*.—'I will preach to thee: now mark me?' *The Dramatic Stage*.—'The actors are come hither,' and so on. It reminds me of a carefully prepared menu for a class dinner.

AN UNFORTUNATE man is Mr. Arthur W. Ready, the author of a story called 'The Black Buoy.' Mr. Ready sent the MS. of this story to *Chambers' Journal* in 1882. A year passed and he heard nothing from the editor, so he made another copy of the story and sent it to *The Argosy*. It was accepted and printed. As fate would have it, *Chambers' Journal* had printed the story six months before it appeared in *The Argosy*. Mr. Ready had changed his residence during the year, and had not received the letter of acceptance from the *Journal*. When the story was published in *The Argosy* with his name attached, he was violently accused of plagiarizing from the article which had been published anonymously six months before. Mr. Ready has simply been the victim of a comedy of errors.

MR. DODD tells me that the sale of 87,500 copies of E. P. Roe's 'Barriers Burned Away,' which his firm printed in cheap paper form last year, helped rather than hurt the sale of the library edition. There has been a larger sale of the latter than in any previous year. No wonder he feels encouraged to print a similar edition of 'The Opening of a Chestnut Burr.'

Hoffmann and His Tales.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

'LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,' a collection of short tales translated from the German, was better known to the last than to the present generation of general readers. Indeed, we may almost say, as far as England is concerned, that it was hardly known to either generation, for although the French can boast of a respectable translation of the more famous stories, we have had to content ourselves with a version of some half-dozen of them which, with the exception of one that engaged the attention of Mr. Carlyle's indefatigable genius, are all more or less feeble efforts at translation. Thus this singular fact presents itself, that while Hoffmann had achieved a considerable popularity upon the Continent, in England his works were well-nigh unread, and certainly unappreciated. The cause of this, we are inclined to think, was the early publication of his perhaps most ambitious, but certainly weakest and most disagreeable work, 'Elixiere des Teufels.' The success which had attended the production of Matthew Gregory Lewis's 'Monk' at an earlier date may have misled some over-enthusiastic admirer of Hoffmann to present the insane ravings of Brother Medardus to the English public, with this result, however, that lasting damage has been done to the fame of an author of almost unique imaginative power. It was in his short, vigorous, fantastic pieces, of which he wrote an extraordinary number, and which he collected together under the titles of 'Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier,' 'Serapionsbrüder,' and 'Nachtstücke,' that Hoffmann was at his best; and we have evidence that he himself set no value on those works which called for more sustained effort, for he never liked the 'Elixiere des Teufels,' and never completed 'Lebensansichten des Katers Murr' ('Tom Cat Murr's Philosophy of Life'), which, though a masterpiece as far as it goes, we cannot doubt the author felt himself unable to finish. These short pieces, originally written for no other purpose than to replenish a chronically empty purse, are full of most exquisite humor, brilliant wit, and trenchant satire. At times, it is true, he deals in horrors which are rather apt to disgust than attract the reader; but in the tales with which we are at present concerned this fault is scarcely to be detected. There are many persons, doubtless, who will fail to see the beauties and eagerly point out the blemishes of these extraordinary tales; but that is only natural where so many are incapable of appreciating genuine humor and prone to resent anything but commonplace situations in fiction as the greatest of crimes. Our advice to all such is to abstain from an attempt to understand Hoffmann, for certainly he did not write these tales for such readers.

To the due appreciation of Hoffmann's works some account of his life and character would seem necessary, although his life exhibits no particularly romantic situations and is chiefly marked as one of a somewhat Bohemian type, while a strong feature in his character is the not uncommon one of a rooted aversion to bores. It was this, in fact, that drove him from the tediousness of the Berlin literary tea-table to the more lively company at the tavern, and finally to his ruin and death. He

was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 24th of January, 1776, and was reared under the roof of his maternal grandmother, since, owing to some unfortunate matrimonial misunderstandings, his father deserted his family when our author was only three years old. His early education was undertaken by his uncle Otto, a man little calculated to attract a quick child like the young Hoffmann, for he was a rigid, methodical, and pedantic man. The pupil, however, seems to have suffered but little from such ungenial tutorship; for we find that when he proceeded in due course to the Reformed School he gained the approval of his masters as a boy well grounded in elementary knowledge. As a schoolboy Hoffmann gave decided proof of his love of music and drawing, and, with his uncle for a subject, he made great progress in the art of caricature, an art which he developed to such perfection that it cost him dearly in after life. To the University of Königsberg was his next step in life, for the purpose of studying law, a profession which was considered as hereditary in his family. While there the young man fell desperately in love with a girl to whom he was giving music-lessons. Her parents, however, objected to the alliance, and he had to solace himself with the thought that his heart was broken. This did not apparently interfere with his studies; for, whatever may be said to his discredit, idleness was not one of his faults, as he passed the necessary examinations with success, and at the age of nineteen entered the profession as Auscultator, a sort of articulated clerk. Königsberg, after the love episode, being a somewhat uninteresting place for him, he obtained an appointment under another uncle, who was a lawyer of some standing at Glogau in Silesia. Here he remained for two years, and in the summer of his last year he went to Dresden for a holiday. At Dresden he was induced to gamble, and his success was so great that he was quite horrorstruck, and determined thereafter never to touch a card during his life—a vow which, be it said to his honor, he steadfastly kept. His experience on this occasion and the feelings of horror which seized him are undoubtedly the groundwork of one of his most dramatic pieces, called 'Spielerglück,' which he afterward placed in the Serapionsbrüder Collection. When he came back to Berlin in 1798, he passed the 'examen rigorosum' with such honors that his examiners recommended him for immediate employment under government, and finally in 1800 he was appointed Assessor in Posen in Poland. At Posen Hoffmann found himself somewhat lonely at first, as he was to a great extent cut off from the society of the artists who were his friends at Berlin and Glogau, but he set to work assiduously at painting and music, in the latter of which arts it was his particular ambition to shine. The tedium of the humdrum life at Posen, however, began to pall upon him, and, finding his companions and society in general excessively dull, he took to criticising them in a manner most likely to give offence. No one likes to be satirized, be the satire ever so witty, but to be caricatured under the most ludicrous yet unmistakable aspects, was an offence hardly to be pardoned. Yet Hoffmann, from sheer devilry, and from a desire for anything which would rouse the society at Posen from its dead level of respectable inanity, persuaded a friend to aid him in perpetrating an outrageous practical joke. His coadjutor appeared disguised as an Italian hawker at a masquerade attended by the *élite* of Posen, and distributed Hoffmann's too evident caricatures to the company assembled, taking care to place them in the hands of those who would be most willing to make use of them. The joke was only too successful, and the consequence was that news of it was sent to Berlin, and, instead of receiving a patent as Rath at Posen, as had been intended, Hoffmann had to content himself with the same position at Plozk, which to him meant exile. At Plozk, however, he found a wife, and in a short time he was transferred to Warsaw. At the Polish capital Hoffmann was in his element. His talents, especially in music, soon gained him many acquaintances, and he here met Hitzig, who became his most intimate friend; in his leisure hours he undertook the superintendence of a musical institution, which he named a *Ressource*, busying himself with arranging the rooms of an old palace which was hired by some of his admirers, and painting designs for the walls and ceilings thereof. The *Ressource* was a complete success. Concerts, in which Hoffmann took the leading part, were given, and it seemed to him as if he had reached the zenith of his ambition—a public recognition that he was a master of his best beloved art. The battle of Jena, however, put an end to all this, and by way of a crowning misfortune he was prostrated by a severe attack of fever. When he recovered he found himself in very straitened circumstances, with a wife and children to support, and in despair he hastened to Berlin. His intention was to live by art, but art at that time was at a discount, and he eagerly embraced an offer to become

the musical director at the Bamberg Theatre. Here, too, mischance after mischance befell him, and he left his post in disgust. Almost destitute, he determined to write to the editor of the *Musikalische Zeitung*, at Leipzig, enclosing a specimen of those stories which he afterward collected as 'Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier,' and which so delighted Jean Paul Richter that he wrote a preface for the collection. These pieces deal chiefly with music, his special art as he thought, and he little fancied at the time when he wrote them that they would give him a place in literature as a brilliant and singular writer. From this time, however, he was unremitting in his labors, and produced his fascinating stories with incredible swiftness. In 1813 he again attempted to conduct theatrical music at Dresden and Leipzig, and again failed owing to the state of the country and Napoleon's cannons. He never despaired, however, and, though sadly light of purse, he was always light of heart. Having found the pursuit of a livelihood by means of theatrical enterprise a blank, he returned to Berlin, and by the interest of his friends was reinstated in the legal profession as Rath in Berlin. He now devoted himself to writing with that industry which was so characteristic of him, and for seven or eight years produced with comparative ease those marvellous tales which made him in Berlin the wonder of his day. We have already hinted at his partiality for the tavern, and his dislike of the *dilettanti* tea-table. In this, as in everything else, Hoffmann showed a sublime contempt for all conventionality and semblance of respectability. His friends endeavored without success to allure him from the baleful influence of the wine-house; but the most they could get him to do was to consent to a convivial meeting once a week at his own house, when he read them one of his stories which appeared under the title of 'Serapiensbrüder.' For some months before his death he was attacked by creeping paralysis, but he would not, even when it reached his hands, forego the pleasure of exercising his marvellous imagination, and on the 24th of June, 1822, he died while endeavoring to dictate to his wife the conclusion of his last tale, 'Der Feind.'

Hitzig's description of Hoffmann is very much such as might be expected. He was a man of diminutive stature, with a sallow complexion and dark, almost black, hair, which grew far down his forehead. His eyes were gray, with nothing strange in them while he was quiet, but when excited they would assume an extraordinarily cunning expression and twinkle with mischief. His nose was finely cut and acquiline, his mouth somewhat set. His physique, in spite of his nimbleness, appeared strong, as he had for his size a deep chest and broad shoulders. In fact, he was a mischievous, though not an ill-natured, elf. Vain past belief and of an uncertain temper, he was capable of strong affections and true friendship, and, though naturally shy, was the best of companions when he was not bored. Such was the man whose contemporaries thought it not exaggeration to describe on his gravestone as 'ausgezeichnet im Amte als Dichter, als Tonkünstler, als Maler.'

Of the individual tales comprised in his three collections, it is difficult to point to any one as excelling the other; but we are inclined to give the first place to 'Meister Martin der Kufner und seine Gesellen,' a quaint story of Nuremberg life in the middle ages, which for graphic description of old-time manners is equalled by few and surpassed by none. 'Der Gold'ne Topf' is already familiar to English readers in Mr. Carlyle's excellent translation, as well as 'Das Fräulein von Scuderi,' and others which have also been translated, but which are not now easily to be procured. 'Der Sandmann,' 'Rath Krespel,' and 'Das Majorat' are among the most weird; while the exquisite humor of 'Signor Formica,' an imaginary episode in the life of Salvatore Rosa, is of the rarest order. Those in which music takes a large share are such as 'Don Juan,' 'Ritter Glück,' 'Die Fermate,' etc., and we have already mentioned the powerful tale entitled 'Spielerglück.' A mere catalogue of these tales would take up too much space, so that it is not possible to do more than indicate the names of those which recur to us as most remarkable. It is much to be regretted that 'Tom Cat Murr's Philosophy of Life' was never completed. Hoffmann's names were Ernst Theodor Wilhelm; but the last is suppressed, and Amadeus substituted; in all editions of his works. Some have thought that this arose from his love of Mozart; whose name was Amadeus; but one of his biographers assures us that it happened simply from misprinting 'A. for W.,' and that, when it was pointed out to Hoffmann, he refused to alter it, and immediately took the name of Amadeus as a good omen. It may be interesting to note that, when the tales are taken in chronological order, it is found that the wildest and most extravagant are by no means the result of a brain suffering from the effects of excess, but that they were written at a time when he was little given to

debauch. The more natural, and, we are bound to say, some of his best, were written, on the contrary, during those sad years when he was accustomed to preside as king of the toppers in the Berlin tavern. Perhaps the best proof of the subtle fascination of his stories is the fact that three such men as Richter in Germany, Gautier in France, and Carlyle in England have all testified their enthusiastic approval of them.

It was not as a literary man, however, that Hoffmann desired to be known, but as a musician; and his performances in this branch of art are by no means contemptible. He wrote no less than eleven operas, one of which, 'Undine,' was enthusiastically reviewed by Karl Maria von Weber; incidental music for three plays; a ballet; a requiem; two symphonies, and other orchestral and choral pieces. Of his musical views we hope on another occasion to have something to say; but it is sufficient to point out that two of the greatest musicians of the age entertained a high opinion of his musical genius—namely, Karl Maria von Weber, and Ludwig van Beethoven.

"The Last Days of Heinrich Heine."

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

MADAME CAMILLE SELDEN has in her little book, just issued—an expansion with important additions of a trifle published fifteen years ago in the *Revue Nationale* (Paris: Calmann Lévy)—discharged a most interesting though a most melancholy task. Slight though they are, this dust, as it were, from the wings of the butterfly that cheered the final period of 'The Mattress Grave' in the Avenue Matignon, imprints the strange picture on the memory as the emphasis alone of eye-witness can. Here is 'La Mouche's' first glimpse of the poet:

'I had returned from Vienna charged with a message for him—some music, dedicated to him by one of his admirers. For safety's sake, I went myself to leave it at his home, and was just returning when a bell sounded in the adjoining room. The servant-maid re-entered, and I was astonished by the somewhat imperious tone of a voice which refused to let me go. A door was opened, and I penetrated into a most gloomy room, where I stumbled against a screen papered and painted to imitate lacquer. Behind this screen, extended on a somewhat low couch, lay a man ill and half blind. He seemed still young, though he was far from being so, and he must have once been handsome. Imagine the smile of Mephistopheles passing across the figure of Christ, a Christ who has just drained the cup; he raised his head and offered me his hand, adding that it gave him pleasure to speak to any one who had returned from "down there." A sigh accompanied his "down there," a touching expression dying away on his lips like the echo of far-off, familiar melody.'

The loan of a book and an entreaty to return, at first regarded merely as formal politeness, led to a pathetic and intimate relationship between the man who had been dying for so many years and the spirituelle votary of his genius. In the little ramshackle room where the 'Romanzero' and so much else that will live forever was written—a room which the authoress points out formed such a contrast to our era of picturesque bric-à-brac—she was his frequent and sympathetic companion. It is doubly interesting since the death of Mme. Heine last year to read the description of the worthy 'Naturkind' from an unprejudiced source: 'She was not all my fancy had painted. I beheld a big, good-natured brunette, tanned and jovial, one of those persons of whom one says that they must take plenty of exercise. What a sad contrast, this robust woman, formed to live in the open air, and this pale victim who was forever groping in the depths of an anticipated grave for the energy needful to secure pretty gowns besides daily bread. Amid all this ill-assorted Bohemianism well described by the authoress as 'savoring of an unwholesome past, and tasting undefinably of an out-at-elbows stageplayerdom,' the man who probably never understood the meaning of *homme d'ordre*, and remained 'thoroughly German, even naïf, under the Voltairian disguise,' was kindness itself to his friends. Every one remembers the love for his mother which dictated light-hearted letters from the heavy-hearted sufferer: Mme. Selden now assures us of kind thought for his servants, and unselfishness for all except those who he suspected came to spy upon him. 'Whatever they say,' she exclaims, 'he was never an egoist.' Here is his first letter to 'La Mouche':

'Very charming and amiable person, I regret immensely that I saw so little of you the other day. You have left a very pleasant impression on me, and I long to see you again. Come to-morrow if you can; anyhow as soon as possible; I am always ready to receive. I should prefer, however, if you could start at four o'clock and remain as late as you like. I write to you myself in

spite of the weakness of my sight, because my confidential secretary has for the moment deserted me. My ears are battered by many painful noises, and I am always very suffering. I do not know why your affectionate sympathy does me so much good. Like the superstitious creature I am, I imagine a good fairy has visited me in the hour of affliction. No! If the fairy is good the hour is happy; I *must* know this soon. Your Henri Heine.' He experienced, she continues naively enough in her turn, the dominion of one clear-sighted spirit on another, 'and, besides, I had arrived at a lucky moment.' His secretary falling ill, she replaced him for the nonce, addressed his letters to 'the poor old woman' his mother, and superintended the French translation of the 'Reisebilder.' The nickname 'Mouche' was owing to the device on her seal. Sometimes, profiting by her knowledge of German, he would dictate the letters themselves, and in allusion to her handwriting style himself her 'schoolmaster' in his own letters to her. With such opportunities, confidences, literary and personal, are to be expected, and it is to be wished that Mme. Selden had escaped the fault so common to biographers of dwelling more on themselves or their opinions than their subject. It is interesting, however, to be told that he disliked De Musset's style as much as he did Victor Hugo's; it is 'rhymed prose,' he said of 'Mardoche.' Dumas père was his favorite novelist; George Sand he admired but did not like; he discerned the woman, the German woman, in all her works, and disliked at once her faults of judgment and exaggerations of oratory; above all, he blamed her inartistic want of individual separability from her works, and he disliked her habit of 'transforming her principles into persons.' He called her a 'blue stocking,' which on protest he corrected to 'red stocking.' Of Shakspeare alone he seems to have spoken with enthusiasm. 'The good God,' he said, 'has naturally a right to the first place, but the second undoubtedly belongs to Shakspeare.' The absence of 'La Mouche' in Wildbad for her health brings before our eyes a poetical scene of leave taking—when he gazed at the scudding dust as if he beheld there the dark green-black forest, and neither spake a word—that recalls one of his own 'Lieder'; his three letters to her while away, with their characteristic refrains of the phrase used by her, 'Empreinte vivante,' and of 'Pattes de Mouche,' are at once sportive and terrible. 'I am still (he writes) very ill, constant contradictions, fits of rage. Frenzy against my condition, which is desperate; a corpse thirsting for all the most glowing enjoyments that life can offer; it is horrible. Farewell! May the waters strengthen and benefit you!' The same wild and weary spirit dominates his letters on her return. 'Dear and beloved creature,' runs another extract, 'I am very ill, but as much morally so as physically . . . I clasp the lotus flower in my hands, and am your devoted H. H.' In again another he signs himself 'Nebuchadnezzar the Second,' and continues in a postscript: 'For I am mad as the King of Babylon, and eat chopped food only, a nourishment my cook calls spinach.' Others succeed, ironically playful, playfully writhing, mocking at himself, at the dull, at his own endurance; it is as if demons and angels were wrestling for the cup of sorrow. Meanwhile he was busied with those memoirs, to vindicate his career, that luckily and unluckily have never seen the light: 'The pencil running with a feverish activity over the white pages assumed in the attenuated fingers of the invalid the inflexibility of a murderous weapon, and seemed to erase intact reputations. One day the sound of the pencil was replaced by a cruel laugh of satiated revenge. "I hold them," he repeated; "dead or alive they shall not escape me; woe to the reader of these lines if he has dared to attack me; Heine does not die like any chance comer, and the tiger's grip shall survive the tiger."'

His morbid intensity was checkered by two elements entirely his own—rallery and dreams. Once, while she was reading to him the confessions of St. Augustine, he answered her question, if he did not find them entrancing, by 'Charming, undoubtedly—*up to the moment of his conversion.*' And his actual vision of the passion flower, which is subjoined in the volume, religious at once and 'romanesque,' possesses the peculiar property of his death-dreams, namely—to make the reader actually feel himself dead. He there recounts how in a sarcophagus surrounded by splendid sculptures of all histories and religions, grotesque and beautiful (including 'Balaam's ass—the ass a striking likeness'), grouped in wondrous contrast, he beheld himself—a corpse. At the foot of the tomb grew the mysterious passion flower:

'Magic of dreams, by strange transformation the passion flower, the sulphur-hued blossom, became a woman, my well-beloved—yea, the flower was thou, my child. I ought to have recognized thy kisses; the lips of a flower are less tender, the

tears of a flower less scorching. My eyelids were closed, but my soul ceased not to contemplate thy face. Thou regardedst me as if in ecstasy, pale under the moonbeam's caresses of fantastic lights. We spake not: ever my soul was listing what passed in thine. The word pronounced aloud is without shame. The chaste flower of love is silence, and how eloquent is silence! It is expressed all without metaphor. The soul no more believes itself forced to implant the vine's hypocrite leaf. It can be understood without preoccupation by the wealth of rhyme, the harmony of phrase.

This rhapsody is significant. The end was nearing; his mind lost none of its rare brilliance, his voice nothing of its ringing charm. He even remained fastidious as ever; the last interview is most affectingly described. It was the 16th of February, 1855. Mme. Selden visited him as usual:

'He called me near him, and made me sit at his bedside; the tears which flowed down my pale cheeks seemed to move him deeply. "Draw back your hat, that I may see you better," he said; and, with a caressing gesture, he grazed the knotted ribbon which fastened it. With a violent motion I cast it off, and found myself on my knees beside the bed.'

He petulantly desired her presence. It was his fancy that what he thought she thought, and ever must think, that his mind was in her; to her he had addressed the lines:

'Dich fesselt mein gedanke bang,
Und was ich leide mustst du leiden.'

On the threshold, 'his voice, crisp, vibrating, anguished,' was heard calling, "'To-morrow, do you hear, do not fail'"—and I failed to answer the last appeal." She was ill on the 17th—a Sunday. She awoke with a strange feeling of being two and not one, with a dreadful and indefinite atmosphere of death around her:

'About eight o'clock in the morning I heard a noise in my room, a kind of fluttering like that made by moths of a summer evening beating their wings against the window to find their way out again. My eyes opened, but instantly reclosed; a black form like an enormous insect was twisting itself in the first rays of day and striving somehow to escape. . . . They took me into the silent chamber, where like a statue on a tomb the body reposed in the noble motionlessness of death. Nothing more human in this despoiled clay, nothing to recall him who had loved, hated, suffered. An antique mask over which a supreme reconciliation shed the ice of proud indifference; a pale, marble countenance whose correct lines recalled the purest masterpieces of Greek art.'

Mr. Browning and Miss Smith.

MR. BROWNING'S amiability, and the effects of hero-worship on a mind not naturally strong, are both clearly shown in the following anecdote from the London *Academy*:

'Mr. Browning has much gratified the friends of the late Miss Teena Rochfort Smith by allowing a Woodbury-type of himself to appear with three of hers and one of her friend Mr. Furnivall in a memoir of her drawn up for the February number of *The Cheltenham Ladies' College Magazine*. The memoir sketches shortly the life of the gifted young lady, whose death on September 4, 1883, from her dress taking fire, was chronicled at the time in *The Academy*. The following passage relating to Mr. Browning will interest our readers. During Miss Rochfort Smith's visits to London in 1882-83,

'her chief pleasure was her introduction to the modern poet she most admired, Robert Browning, at whose house she lunched several times, and who twice read to her some of his unpublished poems. "The first of these times," says the friend who was with her, "I shall never forget. The poet of seventy, with his gray hair and vigorous frame, seated on the green velvet sofa in his drawing-room, the proofs of his 'Jocoseria' in his hand, reading out in his fine manly voice poem after poem, while Teena sat in a chair on his left, all eager attention, with tearful eyes and breast heaving at the pathetic and impassioned passages of 'Donald' and 'Ixion,' a ready smile at the humor of 'Solomon and Balkis' and 'Pambo'; 'Yes, yes,' to the poet's 'You follow?' at the quick turns of 'Cristina and Monaldeschi' (which left me quite in the lurch), while for 'Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli,' and 'Never the time and the place,' words failed her. I never saw the poet so stirred as in the reading of the last three pages of 'Ixion'; and as I read the lines again, I see the trembling hand, hear the impassioned voice, proclaiming 'the triumph of Hell,' and yet the victory over it of man's faith; and I see the eager upturned face of Teena as she listened with all her soul to the glowing words that came from the poet's heart. Nor do I wonder that, in the agony of her death week, Browning's lines came, with those of Shakspeare and the Bible, to yield her such relief as the spirit can bring to the tortured frame.'"

Current Criticism

FLESH AND BLOOD IN 'THE BREAD-WINNERS':—This, indeed, is the prime merit of 'The Bread-Winners': the chief characters in it are actually alive; they are really flesh and blood; they are at once true and new; and they are emphatically and aggressively American. The anonymous author has a firm grip on American character. He has seen, and he has succeeded in making us see, facts and phases of American life which no one has put into a book before. . . . The character of Maud Matchin is presented with extraordinary vigor and boldness. The girl is cold in feeling and coarse in mind—what a French author would have done with her we all may guess; what the American author has done with her we all may read in these pages. The scene between Captain Farnham and Maud Matchin in the conservatory, in which Maud Matchin, knowing that she does not care for Farnham at all, asks him to marry her—this scene is set before us with a mingled boldness and coldness worthy of the highest praise. This scene is true; it happened—or at least that is the impression it leaves. (And here occasion serves to say that the other scene, at the end of the book, in which Alice Belding reveals her love for Farnham, is quite as clever—but it never happened; Alice Belding would not do what she is described, as doing, and could not if she would.) The scene in the conservatory between Maud Matchin and Farnham is more than clever; and it has touches not unworthy of Fielding or Thackeray. With a warmer temperament Maud Matchin would surely go headlong to the devil, and we should expect to see her either in the Potter's Field at Buffland, or with the *demi-monde* in Paris.—*The Saturday Review*.

PATTI'S QUEERNESS:—Mme. Patti is a lady of many whims and fancies. It may be a diamond, a splendid costume, a horse—nay, even a palace on a modest scale. She has but to wish, and it is hers. The other day, for instance, she fancied a pair of parrots—namely, 'Ben Butler' and 'Mrs. Langtry' respectively—and at once put down eight hundred-dollar bills for the two. Both are famous for their conversational powers. 'Ben Butler' is said to use horribly bad language. 'Mrs. Langtry's' favorite expression is 'Kiss me! kiss me quick!' A shameless bird indeed! Like most prima-donnas, Mme. Patti is tender-hearted. When in New York the two birds share her room, which is all very pleasant. But during her absence, when she is travelling from one city to another, she is compelled to leave them behind. And thus she consoles herself. Her friend, Mrs. Rodenwald, goes every day to the gentleman in whose charge they are left. 'Ben Butler,' 'Mrs. Langtry,' and Mrs. Rodenwald have a nice talk, which is presently telegraphed to Mme. Patti. As the gentleman who tells the story says, 'Queer, isn't it?' But ladies have a right to be queer, and when they get \$5000 a night for singing they can be particularly queer.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

EMERSON AN UNCERTAIN ORACLE:—None, we think, will deny to Emerson a singular power of sententious speech, and a singular purity and keenness of critical insight. To our mind, Emerson was rather an uncertain oracle, some of whose sayings ring forever in the mind, while others only jingle there, than either a poet or a philosopher. There was too much strain in him for either. He rose too much on tiptoe for the poet, and was too broken in his insights for a philosopher's steady continuity of thought. . . . But Emerson's verse is laborious. It gives one that sense of uphill straining, as distinguished from flight, which is far removed from what seems to us of the essence of poetry, and though there are fine sayings in Emerson's verse which are near akin to poetry, there seems to us very little indeed of genuine poetic passion.—*The Spectator*.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT:—We have long had to go to America for our sewing-machines and egg-whisks. We now have to seek there for actresses and authors, and very charming specimens we get. There is certainly a freshness and directness about the American style which is peculiarly charming. The scattered papers which compose this book ['Portraits of Places'] were written for American magazines and newspapers, but they have a simplicity and a naturalness, coupled with a quaintness and picturesqueness, which are rarely seen combined in English writers anywhere, and still more rarely in magazines and newspapers. A part of the peculiar flavor in Mr. Henry James's writings is no doubt due to the fact that the style is exotic here, and is therefore a little out of the common, and has the same sort of relish that a slight brogue has on the lips of a pretty woman. But when all allowance is made for the mannerisms of other nations being different to our own, there remains what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call a note of distinction.—*The Spectator*.

MARY ANDERSON IN GILBERT'S NEW COMEDY:—Miss Anderson speaks to the ears, never to the heart. Her poses are as statuesque as her brocaded gown will admit. She keeps her face carefully turned to the audience, but it expresses no trace of what should be there. The speech itself is wonderfully well written for the purpose of playing. 'Who am I, gentlemen? I am Artaxerxes! I am Antony the Great! I'm a doge, a king, a councillor, a burgess, a lackey. I am the constable who seizes the beggar; nay, I am the beggar seized by the constable. I feast starving; I starve feasting. Beware of me, for I am a very rogue—a swaggering roysterer, with ragged elbows, hat a-cock and bilbo ready.' Thus the speaker begins, and in like vein continues, very aptly imitating the personages she names, suiting the action to the word. Only this and nothing more. Miss Anderson gives, as it were, her entertainment. It is very clever, so far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. The audience laugh and applaud. They do not think—Miss Anderson does nothing to make them think—of what the improvisation is done to hide.—*The Saturday Review*.

WALPOLE'S LETTERS:—Walpole's world was not a wide one; and though his pictures are too skilfully drawn to be tiresome, they are often little more than repetitions one of another. One striking characteristic of them is the high level, not so much of interest, for that, of course, must vary with the subject, but of literary merit which they maintain. To the very last, his style showed little or no signs of weakness. His last letter, written within seven weeks of his death, and when he had passed his seventy-ninth birthday, has no dotage about it. The writer complains pathetically of failing powers, but he does not show them.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

MR. HAMILTON AYDE has just finished a new novel, 'Introduced into Society,' which is said to treat of a 'new phase of social life.'

A new poem from Mr. Browning may be expected before long.

Mr. James Pott, the well-known publisher of theological books, has admitted into partnership with him Mr. Edwin S. Gorham and Mr. James Pott, Jr. The style of the firm will be James Pott & Co. The old house is to be congratulated upon this infusion of young blood.

'The Opening of a Chestnut Burr,' one of E. P. Roe's most popular stories, will be issued in cheap paper form by Dodd, Mead & Co. in March. Twenty new illustrations have been made for this edition by Mr. H. W. McVicker.

The chief attraction of the February *Art Union* is a light and graceful etching of 'Three Mile Harbor,' a small land-locked bay near East Hampton, L. I., where the etcher, Mr. Thomas Moran, has his summer home.

We agree with the *Tribune* that 'Congressmen ought to see that their past indifference to the fate of the Library of Congress is not at all creditable to their intelligence; for even though the majority of them may possess but a slender acquaintance with literature, all of them should be aware that this library possesses a strictly commercial importance by reason of its being the sole repository of all contemporaneous publications which are entered for copyright.'

Henry Holt & Co. have in preparation a 'Cyclopædia of German Poetry, Ballad and Lyrical,' edited by Karl Knortz. It is said to represent twice as many authors as any similar collection yet made. It will be amply provided with indices and biographical and bibliographical notes. Each selection will be given in German and in a carefully selected English translation.

The price of the 'Grand Art Catalogue' of the New England Institute, after February 15, will be \$5. The Institute has received several large orders from London and Paris recently.

That time-honored institution, the Book Trade Sale, will open its spring session about the middle of April, with a fuller catalogue than usual, we should say, judging from present appearances.

The autobiographical memoirs of Heine, which are announced to be shortly published in the *Gartenlaube*, are said to be of a fragmentary character. The manuscript, such as it is, was purchased for 16,000 f. in Paris, and the work consists of 128 leaves, all in Heine's own handwriting, numbered 1 to 147, the missing pages, 6 to 31, which touched on the origin of the family, having been destroyed by his brother. The purchase was made in Paris by M. Viewig, publisher, acting for the firms of Hofmann & Campe, of Hamburg, and Kroener Brothers, of Stuttgart, proprietors of the *Gartenlaube*.

The library of the late William T. Clarke, formerly of *The Evening Mail* and more recently literary editor of the *New York Star*, will be sold at auction during the spring by George A. Leavitt & Co.

Among the publishers who have declared favorably for Dorsheimer's international copyright bill are Messrs. Harper, Holt, Roswell Smith, E. P. Dutton & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Charles Scribner's Sons, and George Munro.

A French edition of 'The Bread-Winners' is about to be brought out in Paris under the supervision of 'the great unknown.'

A new story by Hesba Stretton, called 'Carola,' will be issued from advance sheets next month by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Brander Matthews's comedy, 'Margery's Lovers,' was produced at the Court Theatre, London, on Monday night. The play is said to be well written and very bright. It has faults of construction, but it pleased a critical audience, and will probably have a successful run. When is Mr. Matthews going to give his countrymen an opportunity to see his play?

The Rev. R. H. Haweis has written an autobiographical volume which he calls 'My Musical Life.'

We have received the first number of *The Foreign Eclectic*, 'a monthly magazine of selections from European and periodical literature,' printed in the French and German languages. *The Foreign Eclectic* will no doubt prove useful to readers and students of these languages.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler's 'Peter the Great,' which has just appeared in England in two large volumes, has elicited the praise of *The Athenaeum*.

Miss Sarah Cowell, a deservedly successful reader, will give a series of readings at the University Club Theatre, beginning on March 3.

'Franklin in Paris' is the title of an historical sketch upon which Edward Everett Hale and his son are engaged. Data for this sketch have been largely furnished by the Stevens-Franklin papers.

Mr. William Dorsheimer will write the Life of Martin Van Buren for the American Statesmen Series.

Mr. Cable is said to have received a number of Creole MSS. from members of old Creole families.

Messrs. Appleton have reprinted a number of Du Maurier's clever drawings from *Punch* in the Parchment Paper Library. The drawings have been reduced, but by a successful process, and while they lose something they are still delightful portraits, and give one an insight into the manners and customs of English society that he can get nowhere else, except, perhaps (if he be a keen observer), at first hand. An abridgment of Mr. James's biographical sketch of Mr. Du Maurier is given by way of introduction. We must thank Messrs. Appleton for a half hour's amusement.

'The Last of the Mo. Heegans,' by Wade Whipple, may amuse some readers, but upon us it has had a depressing effect. We like fun, but we like it to be spontaneous. There is nothing of that sort in this labored effort.

'The March Magazine of Art' is, if anything, fuller than usual of pictures. 'Some Pictures of Children' and 'The Inns of Court' are in some respects the most interesting papers in the number.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have published a new edition of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr.'s 'A College Fetish,' with several pages of supplementary matter in which Mr. Adams brings new evidence in support of his opinions.

Mr. R. Worthington has purchased the entire stock of books, plates, etc., except the paper library, of J. W. Lovell & Co.

An 'Admirer of George Cruikshank' writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette*: 'It is well known that for many years before his death George Cruikshank was busily engaged in writing his autobiography, for the illustration of which he executed no less than about fifty etchings upon glass. To Dr. Richardson these MS. notes have been intrusted, but whether as literary trustee or not I am not aware, for the purpose of giving them to the world in a complete and proper form; but although so many years have elapsed since then, the public is still awaiting the appearance of these authentic memoirs. I understand that "pressure of business" prevents Dr. Richardson from carrying out his self-imposed task, so much so that the work is at present absolutely untouched. In the meantime, we have to rest content with a "Life" of one of our greatest men which is as incomplete as it is incorrect and misleading.'

Boston's new weekly, *The Beacon*, has just sent a stream of light over the country. It is an eight-page paper, neatly printed and well made up, giving evidence of vigor both in its business and its editorial management. Mr. Trowbridge begins a new serial, 'Farnell's Folly,' in this number, and there are foreign and domestic letters from C. E. Pascoe, Lucy Hooper, and other experienced journalists. There is no lack of reading matter in *The Beacon*. The new paper makes a pleasant beginning. The only thing we do not like about it is the illustration, which we fear may mislead the casual observer as to the character of the paper.

Lord Lytton contributed to *The Youth's Companion* of February 14 two short poems—one entitled 'Childhood,' the other 'Maidenhood.' We reproduce the latter:

I have no name. For they that know me best
Know how to name me not. The nightingale
Sings me when summer nights are silentest,
And the stars tremble, listening to her tale.
Shy Melancholy's sweetest child am I,
Sweeter than Joy. I hover between song
And silence. There is smiling in my sigh,
And sighing in my smile. A thought among
Thy thoughts, I wander like a wind thro' flowers,
And only by their trembling canst thou tell
My secret influence on thy silent hours.
Yet dost thou know me, child, and know me well.'

Prof. S. Wells Williams, of Yale College, died on Saturday last in the seventy-third year of his age. He had been severely ill for only two weeks, but he had not been really well for a much longer time. Prof. Williams's speciality was the Chinese language, with which he became intimately familiar during a residence of many years in the Flowery Kingdom. The great work of his life was the 'Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese Language,' published at Shanghai in 1874, but the work by which he is most generally known is 'The Middle Kingdom,' which he spent the last years of his life in revising and bringing down to date.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 607.—What is the best Rhyming Dictionary or guide to poetical composition?
RIVERDALE, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1884. THOMAS G. ELIOT.
[Thomas Hood's 'The Rhymester,' edited by Arthur Penn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.]

No. 608.—Where can I get a cheap edition of Longfellow's prose works, and at what price?
Jan. 28, 1884. D. W. SHEPHERD.
[Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are Longfellow's publishers.]

No. 609.—In an article, by Maurice Thompson, in a recent number of your paper, entitled 'Sketching for Literary Purposes,' I noticed the following epithets applied to Thureau: 'Nature-mad,' 'an egotist and posturer,' 'a mere self-conscious meddler.' Query, Who is Maurice Thompson?

[Mr. Thompson is an archer and an author. As an archer he has drawn the long bow with considerable success, and as an author he has put his name on the title-pages of two books in which his love of nature is agreeably shown—'The Witchery of Archery' (Scribner) and 'Songs of Fair Weather' (Osgood). He is also the reputed author of 'A Tallahassee Girl,' in the Round Robin Series.]

No. 610.—I should like to learn something about the Pembroke tables or furniture,—how the name originated, and what was the peculiarity of the make.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 31. C.
[Pembroke furniture comes from the name of Lord Pembroke, whose furniture, for Pembroke Castle, was all made to order. A special table, of mahogany inlaid with satin-wood, was much admired, copied, and called the Pembroke table.]

No. 611.—Has a complete edition of the writings of George Croly ever been published? and if so, by whom and at what price? He was the author of a poem or tragedy entitled 'Catiline,' or 'The Conspiracy of Catiline.'
ROCKFORD, MICH. C. F. PRESCOTT.
[Croly (1780-1860) was a native of Dublin. For many years he served as Rector of St. Stephen's Church, London. He wrote a 'Personal Life of George IV.,' a 'Life of Burke,' etc. His Poems were published in 3 vols., in London, in 1830. Scribner and Welford (New York) have a copy in morocco, \$9; also the 'Life of George IV.,' \$4.25. We know of no recent edition of Croly's Works.]

No. 612.—Who wrote the poem, 'A Mother's Love,' the first line of which is, 'Hast thou measured the depths of yonder sea?'
NEW YORK, Feb. 5. DODD, MEAD & CO.

No. 613.—Was the essay, 'The Bitter Cry of Outcast London,' first printed in a review, and if it was, in what one? Can the pamphlet be obtained in this country?
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 4.

H. E. C.

No. 614.—Who is the author of the following quotation contained in one of Canon Farrar's sermons, under the heading 'Silence and Voices'?

Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings
To the pure spirit, is a word of God.

EUREKA, NEV., Jan. 31.

C. B. C.

No. 615.—Where can I find a poem describing Major Peter Keenan's cavalry charge at Chancellorsville? I have been told that it is in print. The charge, I understand from soldiers, was very far ahead of that of the Light Brigade.
SCRANTON, PA., Feb. 6.

M. NORTON.

No. 616.—What are the source, paternity and exact context of the following lines?

And must [name] die,
And shall [name] die.
A hundred thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!

P. O. Box 170, HOBOKEN, N. J.

M. A. L.

No. 617.—Which is the best classical dictionary—Smith's or Anthon's? Or is there another, still better?
NEW YORK, Jan. 31.

THOMAS CONNOR.

[We believe Smith's to be the best.]

No. 618.—I am anxious to get a copy, and to learn the authorship, of an old song commencing:

Now winter has come with its cold chilly breath
And the streams are beginning to freeze;
All nature seems touched with the finger of death
And the verdure has dropped from the trees.

TOLEDO, O.

M. O. WAGGONER.

No. 616.—What is the price of *Fliegende Blätter* per year?
34 Mt. VERNON ST., BOSTON. M. C. PEIRCE.
[B. Westermann & Co., New York, furnish it for \$3.75 a year.]

No. 617.—1. To one with a fair general knowledge of English history, and who now has time to read, say, a dozen authors, what works would you recommend covering as near as possible the whole ground, social and political? Macaulay, Hume and Green I have. 2. Also the best compendium of Greek history. 3. Where can one find really clear rules for the use of 'which,' 'that,' 'will,' 'shall,' etc. 4. If any one can sell me a copy, old or new, of Torrey & Gray's Botany of North Carolina, I should be glad to have his address.

P. O. Box 30, KITTRELL, N. C.

O. W. B.

[1. See C. K. Adams's 'Manual of Historical Literature.' New York: Harper & Bros. 2. Smith's 'Smaller History of Greece.' (Smith's Larger History fills 600 or 700 pages, and may be preferred.) 3. 'Principles of Rhetoric,' by A. S. Hill (Harper Bros.), contains excellent doctrine on the subject of 'shall' and 'will.' All else that should be required is contained in Gould Brown's (smaller) 'Institutes of Grammar,' and (though to a less minute extent) in Whitney's 'Essentials of English.' Brown's larger 'Institutes'—a big volume—is somewhat antiquated, though very learned. We should advise one wishing to keep posted on such matters, to possess the smaller 'Institutes,' or the 'Essentials,' and the 'Rhetoric.']

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